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LITTLE AT FIRST BUT GREAT AT LAST

BY CHAS. MACKEY.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its cairy vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its darling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care,
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simply fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
And saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Prof. King and His Apologists.

When, some weeks since, I read in the *Virginia Baptist Companion*, the article by Rev. W. M Alexander, in which appears a letter of acknowledgment and apology from Miss Mary E. Williams to Prof. G. M. P. King, the President of Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C., I asked myself the question: Why is it that Prof. King does not speak for *himself*? Why, too, if, as brother Alexander admits, Prof. King made an unfortunate mistake, in that little matter of discipline, does not that christian brother, without being urged to do so, address to Miss Williams a written acknowledgment, such as he required of her relative to her conduct, and enter a plea for pardon?

With these and other questions in my mind I sat down and began to write, the result was a communication in THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE on the 14th ultimo.

This communication led the Rev. William J. Simmons, President of the Kentucky Institute, Louisville, Ky., to write the article, which appeared in THE ADVOCATE on the 28th ultimo, in reply to the one written by me, and to a special visit from the Rev. Harvey Johnson of Baltimore, Md., who is connected with the Wayland Seminary as a member of the Advisory Board. While I love and admire these brethren, and am disposed to accept of what they say, as far as it is clear and convincing to my mind, I find it impossible for me to take the side espoused by them in the issue between Prof. G. M. P. King and Miss Mary E. Williams. I have, therefore, a word to say in reference to the article of the Rev. W. J. Simmons and the visit of the Rev. Harvey Johnson.

Mr. Simmons, one would think from his remarks, does not covet the reputation of being an apologist for a man, who, if reports be true, has, in the exercise of his disciplinary privileges, cruelly mistreated a disobedient, but young and tender girl, by using physical force, in a manner and to a degree so shocking, that no man of the race dares openly to justify the perpetrator in the deed; yet, from motives known to himself, and, perhaps to others, Rev. Simmons writes an article, the force of which is calculated to make one forget the real issue, the conduct of Prof. King, in reflecting seriously upon another matter, only incidentally connected with the discussion of this question.

Perhaps, Brother Simmons, who knows of a number of "ways out of this difficulty," thinks this one the most effective. It would appear so, at least, from the skill with which he uses it. But we do not propose to dismiss the conduct of Prof. King by engaging in a logomachy relative to what the colored people can do and what they cannot do. The issue is this,—Is it the duty of Rev. G. M. P. King to rise and explain? Is it not the duty of the Home Mission Society to see to it that he does so in a manner satisfactory to the wronged and maltreated, and if possible, have the question dismissed?

But, in order to secure the favorable action of the Home Mission Society, our friend Mr. Simmons, who, I presume has some rich, practical experience in asking "favors" of that "corporation," would have us send to the city of New Yerk a number of gentlemen to lay before the Board of that Society a matter with which they are well acquainted. But, in this issue, we are not asking a favor of Prof. King nor of the Home Mission Society. We are demanding justice, and that roundabout, ineffective, treasonable means, if you please,—the public press—will suit our convenience quite as well as a strong delegation.

Of course, Mr. Simmons is consistent in what he does, when he calls upon me "not to injure the work in twelve states by injudiciously thumping Pres. King through the *newspapers*. Well, never mind about the newspapers; if the schools are injured, who will merit the blame? Is it the thumping that Prof. King is receiving at the hands of those who think that he has committed a grievous wrong and, therefore, call upon him to publicly confess and apologize for it, or is it the conduct of Prof. King, which will, in the natural order of things, "injure this work in twelve states"?

When Elijah, that hero of right eousness, that opposer of sin, stood in the presence of wicked Ahab, after an absence of three years, memorable for famine and direst suffering, the King, who seems not to have recognized the form and features of the prophet, arked this servant of God:—"Art thou he that troubleth Israel"? It is true that the prophet's faith, and the prophet's prayer, and the prophet's words had, under God put a change on the face of things throughout the length and breadth of all Samaria, but he answered and said? "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commendments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim. In like manner I answer the statement of Rev. Simmons. It is not I who am going to injure the work of the Home Mission Schools in twelve statss, but Prof. King, who having cruelly mistreated a young and helpless girl, now refuses to repent and sue for pardon, and those who, though they disclaim it, are his devoted apologists, and intend to sustain him, be he right, or be he wrong. We, therefore, request Bro. Simmons to accept again his own coin, in being reminded that "we should be cautious how we throw confusion in our own ranks to the benefit of those who are not Baptists."

Speaking of the Home Mission Schools, Mr. Simmons urges me not to produce upon the minds of the Colored Baptists of this country the impression that they are able to take the management and control of this vast educational work, as conducted by the Home Mission Society. I am sure that I have nowhere advanced that idea, and the advice is uncalled for. I have always known that we cannot control a property which does not belong to us, and with this knowledge stated, that, if in the Home Mission Schools we cannot be accorded that respect and consideration that are due us, we must build and take the management of our own schools. The words *our own*, as here used, cannot by any fair construction be made to refer to the Home Mission Schools, for they belong to the white Baptists of the North.

Furthermore, it is quite clear from what we stated in speaking of this matter, that, even though the course of the Home Mission Society toward us may compel us to engage in a separate, independent educational work, it will still be the duty of the white Baptists of the North to foster and perpetuate their own educational interests in the South. I take it, as I substancially stated, that, in educating the Freedmen, the denomination, North, East and West, are engaged in carrying out a most "sacred, solemn obligation." I would not, I could not, then, intentionally injure their work. I cannot by any act of mine, free them from the obligotion of going straight forward in its prosecution. I simply claim, that, when we are not properly treated by the Home Mission Scoiety, then it becomes our duty, as Colored Baptists, to foster education institutions which we can run in harmony with our ideas of right and justice.

That the Colored Baptists, when necessary, can found and support institutions of learning is quite evident, to my mind, at least. A people, who can erect and pay for fine and valuable church edifices; sustain Sunday School, state and foreign mission work; and conduct their own religious papers, have power to found and sustain an educational work, that will be an honor to them in all coming time, a legacy to be transmitted, with constantly increasing value, to the youth of future centuries. If the Colored Methodists of this country can found and carry forward academies, colleges and universities, I am certain that, with superior numbers we can do the same. But our Keniucky friend makes light of "even Wilberforce University," because, forsooth, after the lapse of sixteen short years, it has not attained the full strength and glory of a superior institution of learning. But this is a very weak argument(?). A denomination with a number of weak, struggling, growing schools and colleges,—all of which, by their own industry, thrift and perseverance, they have founded and are now sustaining and improving—is infinitely better off, educationally, than another denomination who, with superior strength, cannot after twenty years of freedom point to a single school, which is under their sole management and educational supervision.

But all this is incidental to the issue we are anxious to have settled. The issue is not what the colored Baptists of this country can do; ought to do will do; but what Pres. King of Wayland Seminary, in the city of Washington, D. C., has done, and under similar circumstances will, in all probability, do again, if Rev. Mr. Simmons and the rest continue to aid him, as they have done, by fighting the men, who dare to call in question his act of cruelty and shame.

When Mr. Simmons writes again, we trust that he will confine his remarks mor strictly to the issue,—Prof. King's conduct,—and not seek to mislead his readers by multiplying words, in the discussion of subsidiary questions.

Again. The Rev. Harvey Johnson, to whom I refer in my other article, has informed me that, in reporting the conversation we had together relative to the troubles at wayland, I do him injustice. But, as I have not attributed to him the language in which the statement is expressed, I hardly think that the point is well taken. Nevertheless, as I have no desire of placing my esteemed brother in a false light, I here present his own words, as given to me, a day or two since, in the rotunda of the National Capital: "Prof. King stated to me, that it was a mistake in him in putting his hands on Miss williams." In the light of all the facts, this "putting his hands on Miss williams" amounts to ungentlemanly and unchristian conduct. Think of that girl, seized; forced into a chair and held down by the power of Prof. King's strong arms, while with one knee thrust in her stomach, he compels her to obey the command, "Sit thou here!" Such an exhibition of temper, such disregard for the moral, as well as the physical effects of the deed—mark it as something more than "a mistake." It is a crime against man, a sin against God! Let it be corrected, and we shall be too glad to co-operate with the Home Mission Society in its work among the Freedmen.

Yours for the Right,

WALTER H. BROOKS.

August 1st, '83.

A Defence of Prof King

Editor of the Advocate.

Dear Sir; Please allow me space in your paper to reply to an article which appeared in your paper of a recent date, headed, "Prof. King of Wayland Seminary once more" over the signature of Rev. Walter H. Brooks, who signs himself "yours for the right;" Having been a student under Prof. King, I can, and do assert that the accusation, let it come from where it may, that Prof. King is guilty of cruelty and cowardice is utterly false, and is only the outgrowth of prejudice and animosity. I speak from a knowledge of facts, and not from hearsay.

The writer admits, that his information in regard to the matter in question, is meagre. As this is the case, I would suggest that he withhold his tirade till he has been informed of both sides of the question. It may be proper for a man to write for information, but it is a gross wrong to give circulation to defamatory statements without personal knowledge of their truthfulness, certainly the article is premature.

The "acts referred to as unbecoming a christian gentleman" were the Professor's untiring efforts and zeal to teach his students to be men and women, self reliant and to carry out the motto of the Seminary, "Be all that you seem to be, and aim to be more than you seem to be". A statement which should satisfy every unbiased mind, relative to Miss Williams, unpleasantness, was made by Prof. King before a conference of the clergy of the D. C. and Alexandria, Va. and not in a corner as the writer alleges.

The acknowledgments made by certain gentlemen named in the article, I care not to discuss here, but prefer to view and call attention to the facts as they are. The moral and literary standing of Wayland Seminary under Prof. King is second to no institution of its kind in the country. Had a survey of the work of the students sent out from the Seminary by Prof. King been made, of Texas, Indian Territory, Kansas, Va., Md. and other states, the writers mind might have been differently impressed, I have no doubt Prof. King would willingly answer any proper inquiries which might be made in regard to his management of Wayland Seminary, I welcome the suggestion of my brother to build and manage our institutions of learning, but while that is a fact, let us be grateful for favors received in a time of great need.

We should bear in mind the old adage, that while the grass is growing the ox may starve. Those loudest in their clamor against the School are among the class who contribute little or nothing to its support; and while Prof. King is working and planning for the race, these clamorers are not so much as lending a helping hand. Yours for the advancement of my race.

H. Vinton Plummer.

Good Words and True.

To those who pick up a daily paper, read a column or two of criminal news and then jump at the conclusion that all mankind s hastening to the demnition bow-wows, we commend the following from an exchange:

The earth never had so many good men and women as to-day. Never did civilization so assert its power in works of benevolence and in alleviating human suffering as now. And yet, from the news in the daily papers, one would get the idea that the devil had been turned loose, and was holding high carnival, and that the spirit of all good had departed from the world. A thousand good deeds and a multitude of blessings go unheralded, while a villainous crime flies on the wings of the wind, and by the agency of lightning to the utmost parts of the earth. There is a morbid public sentiment which seems to rollick amid miseries and crimes, and is unsatisfied without something inhuman, sensational, and brutal. It wants the horrifying particulars of a murder in the newspaper at the breakfast table, and the more minute the better. The way for the daily paper to escape chronicling these horrid events is not clear, and yet that such reports ought to be curtailed is most evident. In a neighboring city, a short time since, a trial took place in the courts of justice; the facts, as told by the witnesses, were of the most vulgar, debasing character. A newspaper published verbatim reports. Teachers in the public schools and the superintendent of instruction reported that they found large numbers of the papers publishing these reports stowed away in the desks of both boys and girls, and that they had difficulty, even in school hours, in keeping them from being read. There is no mistaking the fact there is a large field for reform in the reading offered to the young. Good books never so abounded. Never before were so many men and women busy with brain and pen anxious to contribute to the intelligence and education of the race. What these thinkers want and should have is the co-operation of parents and teachers, that the generation coming into place and power may be clothed with the pure habliments of manhood and womanhood, and fitted for the grand work of closing up the nineteenth century.

Blunders of Speech.

A German author has made a collection of metaphors, which he calls pearls of thought. Some of them are worth quoting, if only as a warning to high-flown orators not to allow their magniloquence to fly away with them altogether. "We will," cried an inspired democrat, "burn all our ships, and, with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!" Even that flight is surpassed by an effort of Justice Miller Hye, who, in 1848, in a speech to the Vienna students, impressively declared: "The chariot of the revolution is rolling along, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls!" A pan-Germanist Mayor of a Rhineland corporation rose still higher in an address to the Emperor. He said: "No Austria, no Prussia, only one Germany; such were the words the mouth of your Imperial Majesty has always had in its eye!" We have heard of the mouth having an eye-tooth, but never before of the mouth's eye. But there are even literary men who cannot open their mouths "without putting their foot in it." Prof. Johannes Scherr is an example of such. In a criticism on Lenau's lyrics he writes: "Out of the dark regions of philosophical problems the poet suddenly let swarms of song dive up, carrying far-flashing pearls of thought in their beaks." Songs and beaks are certainly related to one another, but were never seen in that incongrous connection before. A German preacher, speaking of a repentant girl, said: "She knelt in the temple of her interior, and prayed fervently," a feat no India-rubber doll could imitate. The German parliamentary oratory of the present day affords many examples of metaphor mixture; but two must suffice. Count Frankenberg is the author of them. A few years ago he pointed out to his countrymen the necessity of "seizing the stream of time by the fore lock;" and, in the last session, he told the Minister of War that if he really thought the French were seriously attached to peace, he had better resign office and "return to his paternal oxen." The Count had, no doubt, the poet's *paterna rura* in his mind at the time. But none of these pearls of thought and expression in Fatherland surpass the speech of the immortal Josephidhomme, on being presented with a sword of honor by the company he commanded in the National Guard of France. "Gentlemen," said he, "this sword is the brightest day of my life!"

How We Take Holidays.

The American's regard for his national holidays is worth studying by a Herbert Spencer. Sentimentally we like the Fourth of July, but practically we hate it. We are too lazy a people in carrying out our sentiments to become excited over holidays. We have none of the overgush of the Poles, and none of the cool, comfortable common sense of the Germans. We would like to spend the fourth on July far away from the noise of fire crackers, while we were in a boat idly floating down a stream. Christmas has become to us merely a day for presents, and the extravagant and selfish side of the day is growing upon us. It is no longer a birthday, with sweet morning songs, but a stocking day, rollicking to be sure, but still a rather selfish sort of day. New Year's day is a kind of fifty per cent. Christmas. None of us love it, for it carries with it an idea of formality. Thanksgiving day comes with more flavor than any other holiday. Its pleasures seem to be brought in a market wagon. It is really our great feast day.—*New York Herald.*

The best way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill it with clean potato-parings; boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe it dry, and rub it with a little lard, repeat the rubbing for half a dozen times after using. In this way you will prevent rust, and all the annoyances liable to occur in the use of a new kettle.

Take Good Care of Your Cows.

There is a loss that all farmers can guard against and that is the effects of the winter storms, both of continued cold rains and early snow storms, that come so suddenly and chill the cows to the very marrow. It makes no difference in how good flesh the cow may be, the sudden cold will shock the system and there will be an almost total suspension of milk, the draughts upon the system to withstand the cold calling for the part that should furnish the milk supply. It is not a great job to put the cows in the warm stable, and from those fall stores that have been provided, so feed them that there will be no diminishing of the milk. The deal of "toughening an old cow to stand the cold" is one of the relics—we had almost said barbarisms—that needs to be expunged from every dairyman's creed. It is a practice that requires a double restorative in the way of care and feed and has its after effects that could have been avoided if the stable and a liberal feed had been substituted.

The careful owner of a cow should always consider that the udder is a highly nervous and vascular organ, provided with a finely diffused circulatory and secretive apparatus, and that a slight injury may have a very serious effect upon it. It is most probable that the cell structure of the milk-glands is itself the source from which the milk is derived, and that these cells are replenished from the arterial blood conveyed to and distributed through the udder. When, therefore, it is considered that in a cow giving thirty pounds of milk in twenty-four hours, all this quantity is actually produced by the two fold change of blood into cells and of cells into milk and cream, the activity of the organ which performs this enormous work must be, indeed, wonderful; and it should not be surprising that a supposed insignificant circumstance may produce some unexpected and serious results. Bearing this in mind, one who keeps a cow should ever be watchful and cautious against the least variation of treatment that may so easily affect the conditions of the milk.

Mistakes in Education

A girl should be made to understand, from the first, that the education she receives at school is to do for her mind what the scales and exercises do for her fingers in her musical studies; that she is not to study simply to acquire facts, but to get control of her mind. Moreover, she should be taught that it is her duty to look forward to a life-long intellectual activity, so that, when she comes to take full charge of herself, she will direct her mature powers toward some pursuit or line of study which will promote her present or future welfare, and insure to her wholesome mental habits. Especially should her will-power, the force which will, more than any other, make or mar her, receive the most careful training; so that, becoming adult, she will be able to use it physiologically, and determinately turn from the enemies, wounds and serious sorrows that might induce nervous disease, or drive her into a mad-house, to some one of the many subjects of interest in which the world abounds.

The first mistake in the education of girls, and the one fraught with the saddest results, is made when they are allowed to leave childhood too soon.

The second mistake is, permitting growing girls to sit in the house and study when their transparent cheeks tell of anæmia and lowered vitality. So long as there are branches of knowledge which are admirable training for the mind, and can be pursued best out-of-doors, this mistake is inexcusable. It remains to be seen whether the old methods of education in use in boys' schools are the best for girls; they are the best only if they are the most physiological. Girls should be treated as they are, not as they might be under improved habits and conditions.

The third mistake is, making the school-life of girls final, when it ought to be a simple preparation for the intellectual life of the adult woman.

A fourth mistake is, withholding a knowledge of the laws to which woman is subject, in her physical and her mental life, her place in nature and the potential character of her mental state and habits. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

How Hats were "Chalked.

The cant phrase, "Chalk your hat," which is still current in many parts of the Union, is said to have had its origin in a literal illustration of the words. "Admiral" Reeside was an owner of various stage coaches in the days before railroads. He spent much time in Washington, where, indeed, he lived for several years. At the annual adjournment of Congress he would pass his friends of the House and Senate—he was well acquainted with all prominent politicians of his era—over any stage line he controlled. He would say to an Ohioan or Kentuckian: "I suppose you're going back to Cincinnati or Louisville, and I'll pass you through by stage." When he was asked: "How?" he would reply: "Give me your hat." He would take the hat, make a cabalistic chalk mark on it impossible to counterfeit, and return it with the remark: "That will serve your turn; my agents will recognize that anywhere, and won't receive a cent from the man whose hat is so marked." Reeside was right. All his agents knew the sign at once. The thing became so common that some fellows tried to imitate it, but they were detected at once and compelled to leave the stage or pay their fare. In the South and West "Chalk your hat" still stands for what the East style deadheading.

THE HIGHER PLANE.—In this scientific age, when everything is analyzed, and anatomized, and tabulated, there is a tendency to talk of knowledge as a power to which all things are subject. But the maxim that knowledge is power is true only where knowledge is the main thing wanted. There are higher things than knowledge in the world—there are living energies; and in the moral world, surely, it is not knowledge, but aspiration, that is the moving power, and the wing of aspiration is prayer. Where aspiration is wanted, the soul creeps; it cannot fly; it is at best a caged bird, curiously busy in counting and classifying the bars of its own confinement.

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If the editor of the *Arkansas Mansion* had taken the pains to carefully read what we had said about the propriety of local press associations, without basing his observations upon suggestions made by a third party, he would find that we did not say that a national press associ was impossible, or that we contemplated a process of disintegration by constituting associations which should not be auxiliaries to a national organization.

What we said was as follows,

"The result of the Press Convention at St. Louis Mo., so far as the different sections represented are concerned, strengthens the belief that national meetings of the Colored press *can not be held every year*. The thing to do to secure the best results is for four or five local associations to be organized and for *a national gathering* once, say in four years. The representation would be stronger and *bona fide*.

"Let the colored press in New England, the Middle States, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and West Virginia, with a colored population of a million, form *one* organization among themselves; N. C., S. C. and Ga. could form *another*; the Gulf States a third, the Central Western States a fourth. In this way more effective work could be done, the representation would be fuller and the interests of journalism be better subserved".

Now it strikes us that a little reflection will show that there is force in these suggestions. The colored press has grown to be a force of appreciable influence. To-day there are fully eighty or ninety regularly published newspapers owned and controlled by colored men.

At none of the National meetings, thus far held, from the preliminary one held at the Palmer House in Chicago in 1880, of which the present association is the outgrowth, to that in Louisville, the same year, Chicago in 1881, Washington in 1882 and St. Louis in 1883–was there more than a third of the papers in existence represented. With the rapid increase of these papers, the difficulties of their maintenance not being diminished, it will become more and more apparent that the "National Press Association" will be nothing more than a full representation of the locality of the meeting, with sparse representation from other and more distant sections, the papers of one section being only well represented when the meeting was held in its vicinity, which under the nature of the case, could be but once in several years.

Let us remind the editor of the *Globe* who desires to be quoted of fairly that we never had him in mind– as a fair reading will show,– as a disappointed politician or an office-seekers uddenly devoted to the interest of his race.

This applies to such correspondents as those who first inspired the charges in the *Globe* against Mr. Rounds.

Let the *Globe* also understand, whether anything from us surprises it or not, that we will knowingly never defend any guilty official who refuses fair play and honest treatment, and we insist upon that discrimination which guarantees equally "fair play and honest treatment" to officials, as to those appointed under them.

Judging from the "right about face" of the *Globe* on the Mahone movement after its bitter denunciations of repudiation and "bossism" the charge of inconsistency, if not hypocrisy is notwithout some foundation; and its ungrateful or ignorant reference to Mr. Clapp and his career suggests a lack of due consideration in its onslaughts – after the style of Pat who said "whereever you see a head hit it".

Let the *Globe* be first sure that it is right before it condemns others; let it proceed not from impulse; let it first get in its evidence and its facts, and it will find the ADVOCATE ready to follow wherever it leads the way, and when we are wrong we will either "acknowledge the corn" or be silent.

WE understand that there are some persons who, having utterly failed thus far in their plans and purposes relative to the Louisville Convention, are now encouraging, if not aiding and abetting a scheme to throw discredit on the colored people, as a class, by making it appear that the Negro American has not yet the capacity to organize and execute a conventional movement that will result in practical results. This scheme is to have the Louisville meeting changed to a mass convention. Unluckily for the marplots the scheme will miscarry, for the different sections of the country, the South especially, will be represented by *bona fide* citizens who have too much at stake to "pull chestnuts out of the fire", as it were. "Vaulting ambition does oft o'er leap it self".

A hearty welcome to the *National Free School Advocate* of this city into the arena for its labors for National Aid to education but we utterly repudiate the idea that "all sensible and patriotic colored people strenuously oppose mixed schools here. There is much honest difference of opinion in this matter by many whsoe devotion to the best interests of their race cannot be questioned".

THE DENIAL OF EQUAL RIGHTS

The Independent Order of Good Templars under the R. W. G. L. of the W., has issued the following circular to the members of the Order and all friends of Equal Rights:

The United States District Court of Texas having recently, on appeal, declared the United States Law as to the Equal Rights of colored and White people to ride in the same railroad cars, etc., to be unconstitutional,—

It is therefore suggested, that each Grand Lodge Executive, and each Lodge in the United States associated with the R. W. G. Lodge of the World, as well as each religious, social and political assembly of Colored people, and of others who believe in Equal Rights, should adopt some such preamble and resolutions as the following:—

Whereas, The law of the United States of America affirms the right of the Col. people to ride in the railroad cars equally with the White citizens of the Southern and other States of the Union:

And Whereas, This law has often been grossly violated on Southern railroads, which (after taking the fare for first-class tickets) have turned the Colored people out of the first class cars:

And Whereas, The United States District Court in Texas, has dismissed an appeal against such dishonorable and dishonest treatment, and has actually declared the United States Law which guarantees such Equal Rights to be unconstitutional:

It is therefore Resolved, That this Lodge of good templars, under the "Equal Rights" flag of the R. W. G. Lodge of the World or, this meeting of [ ] enters its solemn protest against this attempt to again elevate State Rights above Human Rights, and expresses its intention to support those only who lawfully uphold the equally of all races."

The adoption and communication of the above resolutions by the colored and white, political, religious, and social news papers would do much to show the world that injustice cannot now be perpetrated upon the Colored people with impunity.

Joseph W. Malvin, R. W. G. Templar, *Birmingham, England*. Jessie Forsyth, R. W. G. Vice-Templar, *Boston, Mass.*, William Wells Brown, P. R. W. G. Counsellor, *Boston, Mass.*

The Fuel of the Future.

The National Gazette makes the following announcement in regard to the use of petroleum as fuel: We shall be soon able to announce a wonderful stride in the mechanical appliances for using liquid fuel for generating steam in both marine and land boilers. The matter is in the hands of practical men, who will soon demonstrate they can make from twenty-eight to thirty gallons of crude petroleum, costing from eighty-five to ninety cents, do the work of a ton of coal, costing from four dollars to four dollars and twenty-five cents, without dirt or smoke, and when, as in the case of a large steamer carrying from forty to forty-five men in the fire-room, one man in each will be abundantly able to keep up a uniform pressure of steam at all times. Liquid fuel is the intervening step between coal and electricity, which will in due season furnish motion for the world. But until we arrive at a thorough knowledge of this subject and of motive power, liquid fuel will have had its day and generation, wiping out the last remnant of barbarism, coal. The fireman of the future can wear broadcloth in the fire-room, while the coal passer will have laid down his "shovel and hoe," to become one of the memories of the past. This condition of things is near at hand.

HAZARDOUS JOURNEY.—When a strong east wind blows over the Sea of Azoy the water retires in a remarkable manner, and the people living on one shore can cross to the other dry-shod. But this hazardous journey sometimes involves the fate of Pharaoh, for a sudden change of wind will bring the water quickly back to its usual place, and travelers are frequently swallowed up by the fickle waves.

A NEGRO PARADISE.

Beaufort, S. C. July 30, '83.

Dear Mr. Editor: After several futile attempts I have at last succeeded in inditing you a few lines. This may possibly interest your readers if I were to give a synopsis of our political status. First; we have the following colored men in office, State Senator, three representatives, clerk of county court, school commissioner, two out of three county commissioners, town clerk and treasurer, marshal, Deputy Collector of Customs, inspector of customs, and Postmaster.

You can see from the above that we are, indeed, worthy of the name "Africa" that is, as far as holding offices are concerned.

There are three hundred colored to one white man in our town, and about one thousand to every one white in the county.

There are several new phosphate companies on the outskirts of our town, and I am informed that there will be a half dozen more ere the ides of November.

Hume and Bros. of Scotland, are erecting a mine which will give employment to over 200 men, when finished. They employ 250 mechanics daily in the erection of their works. It's to cost $200,000. There are several huge steamships lying at phosphate mines, evading phosphate rocks, two of them draw 22 feet of water each, and are monuments of wonder, each is built of solid iron from stem to stern.

Our estimable citizen ex-Congressman Robert Smalls, lost his beloved wife on Saturday last, Mrs. Smalls went on Ladies' Island Tuesday week to attend the of Rev. Christopher Green; immediately after her return she was stricken with paralysis of the brain, from which she never rallied till death relieved her of her sufferings. She was sensible of her approaching end, and seeing her amiable and lovely daughters weeping at her side, she said, "Lizzie and Sarah, do not weep, I am going to my Savior;" and to her devoted husband she said, "Rob't do not weep, I am going to leave you, but you must meet me on that beautiful shore." The following were the pallbearers; Deputy Collector of Customs, Samuel Green, Inspector of Customs, T. E. Miller, County Commissioner, Geo. A. Reed, Thomas Hamilton, P. H. Deas, Rich'd Washington. The casket was a fine rosewood, lined with satin, glass door, with six silver handles, a silver plate engraved: "Hannah Smalls, born June 25, '25, died July 28, 1883." Mrs Small's funeral was the largest ever witnessed in our town.

Great sympathy is expressed for our worthy and efficient Deputy Collector of Customs Sam'l Green in his misfortune. Tuesday death deprived him of his father, and yesterday while attending Mrs. Small's funeral a dispatch informed him of his younger brother's demise. He died at Biddle University, N. C.. Christopher Green Jr., had he lived would have graduated June 1884.

Sitting Bull Butler, our U. S. Senator, has commenced his war cry, "Get rid of the niggers, they are of no account." Now, my dear ADVOCATE, what would become of S. Carolina if the Negro were to leave? Why, Sir; a famine would set in.

Our energetic Congressman E. M. W. Mackey is making a host of friends in this district, and if there is a man who can beat him in the next Congressional race, he will have to do some good trotting.

G. H. P.

OUR DISTRICT MILITIA.

THE COMPETITIVE DRILL.

A meeting of the commanding officers of the several Companies of our District Militia was held on the 5th inst. at the residence of Major C. B. Fischer, to arrange for the Competitive drill for the John W. Boteler Cup, offered by that gentleman for the best drilled of the colored companies. The Committee effected a permanent organization by the election of Major C. B. Fischer, Chairman, Capt. Wm. Cornell, Secretary, and Capt. C. A. Fleetwood, Treasurer. The drill is to take place on the 15th of October, at the Athletic Grounds, which have already been engaged for that day.

The cup will be a magnificent one, standing about 26 to 30 inches high. A full description will be given of it in our columns shortly. This being the month for "excursions and picnics" only the regular drills have as yet been followed by the companies, but with the cooler weather of September, all will buckle down to hard work. The contest will be the most exciting and interesting that has ever been held in the District. The officers discussed the feasibility of themselves offering a prize as an inducement to bring outside Companies here to drill on the same day, as the sole conditions of the Boteler Cup is that no company outside of the District should be allowed to drill for it. But after a full discussion it was decided that as the drill could not begin earlier than three o'clock, in the short afternoons of that month there would not be any more doylight than would be actually needed by the five local companies. The Companies entered for the prize are: The Butler Zouaves, Capt. C. B. Fischer, Washington Cadets, Capt. C. A. Fleetwood, Capital City Guard, Co. A Capt. T. S. Kelly, Capital City Guard, Co. B Capt. W. P. Gray, Lincoln Light Infantry, Capt. Wm. Cornell.

Good Advice.

The *Chemical News* gives the following pertinent piece of advice to the young student of science in Great Britain, (and neither young nor old students on this side of the Atlantic need evade reading it, at least.) When a man has got so far as to define, even in his secret thoughts, science as a mere something to be examined into, he is intellectually dead. In conjunction with this caution we must make a demand upon the moral nature of the student. We must exhort him, at whatever cost of time and labor, to eschew cram, including under the term all the tricks and dodges by which a really undisciplined mind is made to put on a false appearance of mastership. It is not safe to argue that the English system of examination, being essentially a sham, may be legitimately evaded. He who wins degrees and diplomas by deceit will have acquired habits of dishonesty which will cling to him in after life, and which will manifest themselves in a propensity for trimming and cooking results, for suppressing inconvenient facts, and forging evidences for a tottering theory. He who cheats examiners in his youth will in after life be able to cheat scientific societies and the learned world at large for his own glorification, and may for a time succeed.

The Latest Slang Words.

Quite a lot of new slang has been opened up for trade. This is nearly altogether family slang for the use of ladies, and if they wish to be abreast of the times they will take out their pencils and tablets and note down the specimens. "Catouche" is a very new word, and means nice, sweet, pleasant. Coffee, for instance, may be catouche; so may John Henry or Eliza Jane. When a girl is "flick," she is knowing. If she is "fency," she is just the reverse of knowing. If you wish to convey to your heart's idol the idea that you adore her transcendent beauty, just tell her she is "oppressive." "A Johnny-boy" is a new variety of the genus homo who knows how to dance like an angel—supposing that angels would so far forget themselves as to dance—who wears good clothes, and who is an idiot in every other respect. The feminine equivalent of the "Johnny-boy" is generally called "Evangeline." If you disapprove of a place or a person, or a party, you may either refer to it as a "snide," "gummy," or "toppy." Excessive admiration wrecks itself upon expressions in such words as "balmy," "harmonious," "gullitive." "Gullitive" seems to mean a great many things. It is a sort of non-committal word, which can be used to fill up a sentence or express a doubtful opinion.

"Nutricine."

"Nutricine" is the name of a new kind of food recently invented. Its preparation is thus described: Raw meat, from which bones and tendons have been carefully excised, is passed into a suitable machine along with nitrogenized alimentary substances, such as bread to absorb the water of the meat, and possibly to form new combinations with it. After the mass thus prepared is dried in a stove under a mild heat, it is pulverized and sifted; a powder of an agreeable taste, and varying from a yellow to gray in color, is the result. When albumen, fats or gummed water is added to this powder, solid cakes or cubes may be broken up as occasion may require, for soups or sauces. This nutricine is said to be admirably qualified to sustain physical vigor, and it can be preserved for any length of time, if it is kept from the deteriorating influences of an atmosphere charged with moisture and from the action of heat

"Sit" and "Set."

Many of the agricultural journals are sorely troubled to know whether a hen sits or sets. If some editor of dignity would set a hen on the nest, and the editors would let her sit, it would be well for the world. Now a man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they sit on her, although the old hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow. A man cannot set on the wash bench; but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and neither be assailed by the dog or the grammarians.

Star of Bethlehem Coming.

Prof. C. A. Grimmer, of Kingston, Jamaica, who is a scientist of fame, recently made some wonderful prophecies in connection with the action of the planets and other heavenly bodies. He says of the "Star of Bethlehem:" In 1887 the "Star of Bethlehem" will be once more seen in "Casseopia's chair," and it will be accompanied by a total eclipse of sun and moon. The star only makes its appearance every 315 years. It will appear and illuminate the heavens, and exceed in brilliancy even Jupiter when in opposition to the sun, and, therefore, nearer to the sun, and brightest. The marvelous brilliancy of the "Star of Bethlehem" in 1887 will surpass any of its previous visitations. It will be seen even at noonday, shining with a quick, flashing light the entire year, after which it will gradually decrease in brightness, and finally disappear, not to return to our heavens till 2902, or 315 years after 1887. This star first attracted the attention of modern astronomers in the year 1575. It was then called a new star. It was no new star, however, for this was the star which shone so brightly 4 B. C., and was the star that illuminated the heavens at the nativity of Christ.—*Washington Republican.*

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It might have been that the sky was green, and
grass serenely blue;
It might have been that grapes on thorns, and figs
on thistles grew;
It might have been that rainbows before the showers came;
It might have been that lambs were fierce, and bears
and tigers tame;
It might have been that cold would melt, and summer heat would freeze;
It might have been that ships at sea would sail against the breeze—
And there may be worlds unknown, dear, where we might find the change
From all that we have seen or heard, to others just as strange—
But it never could be wise, dear, in haste to act or speak;
It could never be noble to harm the poor and weak;
It never could be kind, dear, to give a needless pain;
It never could be honest, dear, to sin for greed or gain;
And there could not be a world, dear, while God is true above,
When right and wrong are governed by any law but love.

If varnished work becomes defaced, and begins to show white spots, take equal parts of linseed-oil and turpentine, put them in a vial, shake till thoroughly incorporated, then pour in small quantities on a soft cloth, and apply to the spots. Repeat till the color is restored, and then with another clean soft cloth wipe the mixture off carefully. In deeply carved furniture, if the dust has settled so as to be difficult to remove, use first a stiff-haired paint-brush to get out as much of the dust as possible before using the wet sponge; then roll the sponge up in the hand, and rub it into the carving two or three times; rinse, and rub dry with the chamois, and finish off by wrapping the dry skin over the ivory needle, and drying every damp place in the carving. This need not take more time than is occupied in telling it. If the furniture is often dusted, it will not require any more, and it will look fresh and bright for years with such care.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Our attention has been called to an almost startling illustration of the vitiated condition of the air in a badly ventilated sick room. A little girl who was suffering with malignant diphtheria desired to be surrounded with house plants and flowers. Accordingly vines were trailed over her couch and along the ceiling, and plants and flowers were grouped in profusion all around the head of her bed. In a few hours those immediately over her head began to wither, and rapidly the blight began to spread from this center over the whole array of plants, most of which turned black and died in spite of the utmost care, although they had flourished splendidly in the same room all winter. Is it any wonder then that such diseases, once in a house, often go the round of its inmates? And can too much stress be laid on the subject of proper ventilation in such cases? —*Peoria Call.*

Footstools and ottomans may be manufactured out of old boxes, peck, or half-bushel measures, or long store boxes. Nail old bagging loosely on the top, leaving one side open until you fill it evenly and plumply with cotton, hay, or moss, or "excelsior" (a kind of popular shavings made expressly to pack furniture in.) Then nail the canvass tightly all around the sides and over the top, and cover with embroidery, or with material to match the furniture. Cover the edges with gimp or fringe. Nail a piece of oilcloth over the bottom to make it slide easily over the carpet while moving it. The top may be fastened by a piece of strong leather or hinges to one side of the box and stuffed, and covered and trimmed as described previously; thus not only the footstool or ottoman is secured, but a box for work and pieces, or anything required. In this case there should be castors on the bottom to move it without trouble when filled.

Wells's "Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure, Corns, warts, bunions.

Let no man presume to give good advice to others that has not first given good counsel to himself.—[Seneca.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when they will not as much as take warning.—[Swift.

Remember this: they that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason she will rap your knuckle. —[Franklin.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with the other; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.—[Bacon.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Those who do not know the worth of money can never appreciate the misery they often cause in not paying their obligations promptly to those who are needy. One dollar promptly paid will, in a day's time cancel many an obligation, make many a heart glad, and do much good. It is not business to say, "Call again," when you have the money ready to pay a legitimate bill. Prompt pay makes better times. Misers are curses upon our land.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

One of the most remarkable traits of the peculiar people in Alaska is their aversion to salt, which they will not eat in any form. They have been seen, when offered a choice piece of corned-beef on the vessel to taste, and on finding that it had been salted, spit out the mouthful with a wry face and throw the remainder on the deck in disgust. No matter how putrid a whale or seal may be, they eat it, raw and unseasoned, with evident relish.

A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl: When her class was examined she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

"The rattle of the printing press," says L. J. Jennings, is to the journalist who has once taken the complaint, what the smell of the foot-lights is to the old actor.

Difficulty is the nurse of greatness—a harsh nurse, who rocks her foster children into strength and athletic proportions.

In freezing, water exerts a force of thirty thousand pounds to the square inch.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy—
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched.
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb!
Are you mirthful? How her laughter
Silver sounding will ring out!
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise;
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-look in your eyes;
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

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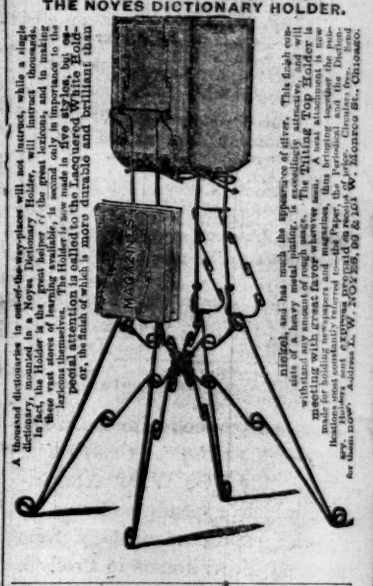

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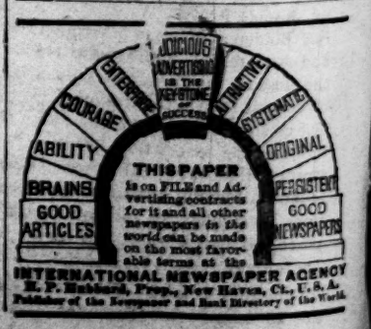
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The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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D. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
E. B. Dickinson, next door to Post Office.

☞Local communications and &c., should reach this office not later than Thursday morning; advertisements not later than Wednesday noon.

☞When ever any of our Subscribers do not receive the paper promptly please promptly notify us in all cases, by postal card.

LOCAL.

—Mrs. A. E. Jackson has left the city for an extended tour.

—Mr. Narcissa Nugent is now in Philadelphia where she purposes to remain until next month.

—Mrs, Rev. A. W. Upshaw is expected home next week by the way of Louisville where she will "take in the Exposition".

—Mrs. Daniel Murry is now at Harper's Ferry to remain this and part of the next month. Her husband will join her later.

—Miss Jennie B. Pryor, of Hampton, Va., one of the school teachers of the Old Dominion, has been stopping in our city for a few days, the guest of Miss Lena Lane.

—Co. B's popular low fare Leesburg excursion promises to be a grand success. Get your tickets early to avoid the rush at the Depot. Train leaves 6th St. 9-30, Monday morning Aug. 13th.

—The many friends of Lewis A. Freeman will be pleased to learn that he has almost entirely recovered from the effects of his recent accident. He is temporarily at Bellow's Falls, Vt.

—Rev. Geo. W. Moore, a graduate of Oberlin College, recently called to the pastor charge of the Lincoln memorial church, will preach at the 15th street Presbyterian church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

—Miss Sarah M Janifer, a recent graduate from the Normal School, who takes her place by appointment, on the roll of school marms of this city, left this week for Clarksburg N. J., where she will spend the remainder of the Summer.

—A young colored lady, Miss Lucy Rice daughter of George A. Rice of the Rogers Hill School of Providence R. I. was as proficient in her Greek studies as a white youth who won a prize of $75. his sex being in his favor, according to the conditions of the donor. A distinguished New Yorker learning of the facts sent Miss Rice his check for $75.

Georgetown Greetings.

—Bethseda Literary will reopen next month.

—Miss Sarah Bryant leaves shortly for Leesburg.

—Miss Maggie Ferguson is now at Long Branch.

—Miss Jennie Norris left for Cape May last Friday evening.

—Mrs. R. D. Ruffin will rusticate in the mountains of Virginia.

—Miss Alice Jones will spend the remainder of the Summer at Annapolis.

—Miss Lizzie Grimes has gone to visit her friends and relatives in southern Pa.

—Grand Sabbath School Union has been formed at John Wesley church to be known as the West End Sabbath School Union. It meets again tomorrow.

—Rev. W. H. Brown pastor of the Ebenezer A. M. E. Church preached an able sermon last Sunday. He made favorable report of the proceeding but the recent camp meeting. W. R. Laws delivered an able addressto the same Sabbath School the same afternoon.

—Great excitement was caused by an outcry made by a woman the other night on 27th street between Dumbarton ave. and O. Crowds rushed to her assistance, when it was ascertained that she was grieving because her husband had been away three months.

United Aid No. 1.

This Association was founded in 1866 by Joseph Brooks, W. H. Wheeler, Isarah Bolden and some other gentlemen, and its present membership is 84. At the close of the Freedmen's Bank it had on deposit in that institution over $1000. The closing of this institution, for a time hindered the Association, but to day it is stronger than ever, with a treasury ready to meet all lawful demands. The conditions are simple, no religious test is imposed, no pass words, grips, or degrees. The initiation fees is $10, and the ages eligible are from 18 to 45. The monthly dues are 25 cents. An allowance of $4.00 a week for eight weeks is paid in case of sickness, the amount paid for a longer time being optional. $65 is paid on the death of a member, which is met by a tax of $1.00 and $25. is paid on the death of a member's wife, or in the case of them not married, on the death of a mother. The Association is composed of some of our best citizins. At the election held on the second instant, the following officers were elected: W. H. Butler who has just filled an unexpired term, President; Joseph Brooks, the only surviving founder, Vice President: E. G. Pleasants Secretary, Henry W. Lee Treasurer. Eugine Brooks, John S. Butler. John H. Smith, John A. Small. wood and the President, board of trustees. The organization has not had a death in its number for twenty months.

Last Tuesday this Association gave its annual picnic at Van Ness Garden. It was in every respect a decided success, the weather was pleasant, and the attendance highly flattering to the management of the Committee of arrangements, Richard A. Gillem Chairman. The Association realized in all probability about $150.

There is a large number of able colored men in Washington. Some are laying up the treasure of a worthy fame in lives well spent and directed, at the mention of whom the eyes of every Negro should sparkle with pride; others are recklessiy casting the pearls of manhood, intellect and character, to the swine. To the first we would say, "Well done, good and faithful servants." To the last we would repeat the solemn and thoughtcompelling words—"Sure will the harvest be."—*Industrial Herald.*

AMUSING MISTAKES.

BLUNDERS IN SCIENCE AND SOCIETY.

Chambers' Journal is responsible for the following:

Droll mistakes are of course endless. Here are a few culled at random:

Before the Paris Exhibition was open to the public, and when the building contained only the cases which were being ranged for the respective exhibits, quite a crowd one Sunday flattened their noses against the glass entrance-door to look at the contents of a case containing a pair of boots, a battered hat, an overcoat much the worse for wear, and a necktie of many colors, the report being circulated that the objects belonged to King Dagobert, Robespierre, or Charles X. The enigma was solved by a painter arriving and throwing off his blouse and slippers, and commencing to dress himself amidst, what was a puzzle to him, loud laughter, in which the police joined.

Referring to mistaken ideas about relics, recalls the story in a German paper about a certain professor, which is a parallel to

THE BILL STUMPS ADVENTURE

of Pickwick. This German antiquary made the delightful discovery that a stone placed over a stable door bore the inscription 1081. "I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may," thought the savant. Calling a tenant farmer, who was the proprietor, the professor said to him eagerly: "Did you not obtain this stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?"

"It may be that my grandfather fetched it thence when he built the stable," was the reply.

The antiquary then asked what he would take for the stone.

"Since you appear to have a fancy for it," said the farmer, "give me forty guldens, and I will bring it to your house."

"Rather a large sum," said the professor; "but bring it to my residence, and you shall have the money."

When in due course the farmer brought the stone upon a truck, the zealous antiquary turned it over to refresh his eyes with a sight of its venerable chronological inscription, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal.

"Why, what's this?" he exclaimed. This is

NOT THE RIGHT STONE.

On the stone I bought from you was the date 1081, while this bears the very modern date of 1801, which proves that the other was exactly 720 years older than this."

"Do not trouble about that," said the smart peasant. "The masons, you see, sir, turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it whichever way you like, but of course I must have the money agreed upon."

The professor, it is said, at once paid the whole sum, and gave the man a present besides to take away the stone and say no more about the matter.

The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather overdressed lady. Making sure from the distance that this man was her husband, she came suddenly up and without a word of warning, gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned around she discovered her mistake, and, at the same time, caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady.

"Why, she boxed my ears and then fainted," exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman.

"She is my wife!" shouted the angry husband, "and would never have struck you without a cause" And worse than angry words would probably ha followed had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it all happened.

A London paper gave an account of another case of mistaken identity in connection with a distinguished personage. An aged couple in high life, who were celebrating their golden wedding, by way of concluding the festivities on that occasion adjourned with the children and their respective belongings to the theater, in which to accommodate so large a party two boxes had been knocked into one. The eldest, who strongly resembled his Royal Highness

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

stepped forward and occupied the centre seat with the ladies of the party beside him; upon which the orchestra struck up the national anthem, and the audience rose to their feet *en masse*, the innocently unconcerned party, of course, doing the same themselves.

There is no doubt that people of rather unusual proportions had an awkward time of it when the Claimant was at large. A story goes that a corpulent gentleman once took a box at Canterbury Hall. First one person, then another eyed him, until at length the counterpart of the Claimant became the center of observation. A cheer arose, the singing was suspended, and an ovation was the result. The supposed Sir Roger rose and bowed his acknowledgment. But this was not enough; he must speak. The manager announced that "Sir Roger" had a cold and could not speak. Fearing the consequence, if the audience discovered their mistake, he had the "Claimant" removed as quietly as possible in a cab sent in a roundabout way to his home.

THE INTOXICATED BRICKLAYER

who squared up to a post, and maintained a one-sided fight affords an absurd illustration of mistaken identity; but if we can rely upon newspaper reports, such ludicrous incidents are surpassed by what is said to have happened in the neighborhood of Morecambe. Sometime ago the body of what was supposed by the discoverer to be a human being was found lying on the beach near the place above named, having undoubtedly been left there by the receding tide. The usual preparation for holding an orthodox inquest were put in force and kept going, until the examination of a medical man proved the suspected human corpse to be but the corpse of a monkey, which had probably been thrown overboard from some ship, and which so closely resembled in appearance a human being as to require a doctor to tell the difference. Such a mistake looks either like a gross flattery upon a dead monkey or an unconscious satire upon human nature, calculated to delight all believers in the Darwin theory.

A not unnatural mistake was that made by the policeman who arrested a Dublin youth under what appeared to be

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

The young gentleman referred to was at a party in the Irish capital, and joined with great spirits in a game of forfeits. Amid the fun and merriment it was proposed that, to regain his forfeit, he should pay a visit to the turf stacks on the adjacent canal bank and bring some turf into the room. Thinking only of the diverson that his return with an armful of turf would create, he immediately hastened to the place indicated, filled his arms, and was in the act of returning, when to his horror he became aware that a policeman was in pursuit. Almost paralyzed with fright, he dropped his burden and awaited the officer's arrival.

"O, constable," he stammered, "I've been playing a game of forfeits, and was told to bring turf from the canal into the house."

"Not a bad story, but you'll have to come with me," declared the constable.

There had been continued complaints of turf-pilfering, so, regardless of his protestations, the unlucky youth was locked up for the night. The first intimation his merry-making friends received of his whereabouts was when next morning they heard that he had been explaining the mistake to the presiding magistrate, who fortunately comprehended the case in a moment and dismissed it.

A MISCONCEPTION AS LUDICROUS,

but in which the policeman figured less creditably than the one just referred to, took place in the Isle of Man. At a Deemster's court in Ramsay a Jew was about to be sworn to give evidence. As Jews are always sworn on the Old Testament, and not the New, the Deemster requested the constable in attendance to fetch an Old one. After awhile that worthy returned, and handed to the witness an ancient-looking dilapidated book, which, on being examined, proved to be a New Testament. The Deemster's attention being called to it, he asked the constable why he had not brought an Old Testament, to which the innocent reply was: "Please your Honor, that was the oldest one I could find."

An amusing blunder was once made by a dyer, who was given a farmer's four flannel shirts to be dyed a fast gray color, instead of which he dyed them blue. On wearing the garments, the color came out of them so that, as the farmer curiously expressed it, "he looked like a red Indian;" and as it cost him several shillings in baths to turn himself into a white man again, he sued the dyer and obtained damages.

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE

is reported to have occurred at the opening of a bazar in Glasgow, at which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present. A distinguished clergyman was called upon by the Chairman to conduct the devotional exercises; and the reverend gentleman had commenced to read, when four pipers of a Highland regiment, owing to some misunderstanding, struck up with a wild shriek on the bag-pipes, by way of a preliminary, "The Campbells are Coming." The music was promptly stopped; but the solemnity of the proceedings had of course been shaken.

An embarrassing incident, we are told, once happened to an Englishman in Rome. Entering one of the churches in that city, as a service was going on, he sat quietly down, placing his hat on the ground beside him. Some little time passed, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of the ceremony coming to an end, he reached for his hat, in order to leave, but was stopped by an unseen hand, which grasped from behind. Thinking some custodian of the church wished him to remain till the end of the service, he again waited; but his patience becoming exhausted, he again reached for his hat, and was again prevented from going in the same manner. Convinced that the service was some really important one, the Englishman once more delayed his departure; but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour he determined to go in spite of etiquette, so he repeated the same maneuver in the direction of his head-covering. A third time the same hand detained him; but as he determinedly resisted its grasp, a voice behind him exclaimed in English: "I beg your pardon, but that is my hat you are taking." Such was the fact; he had been detained all this while because each time he had reached in mistake for the hat of another stranger placed in close proximity to his own.

Mr. John B. Gough says that the only time he was ever overcome by embarrassment while addressing an audience was in Providence, R. I., many years ago. He was talking to an audience of children on the subject of good habits, and taking off his hat to lead in three cheers for cold water, scattered a number of cigars which had been given him among the little ones. This was bad enough, but his discomfiture was completed by a little boy creeping up on the platform and handing him one of the cigars which he had picked up.

Anecdote of Longfellow.

Professor Luigi Monti tells a pleasant story of Henry W. Longfellow. For many years this gentleman had been in the habit of dining with the poet every Saturday. One Christmas Day, as he was walking briskly toward the old historic house, he was accosted by a little girl about 12 years old, who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her it was some distance down the street, but if she would walk along with him he would show her. When they reached the gate, she said: "Do you think I can go in the yard?" "Oh, yes," said Signor Monti, "Do you see the room on the left? That is where Martha Washington held her receptions 100 years ago. If you look at the window on the right, you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow." She looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of really seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house, he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head of course, out of sight. When he went in the kind-hearted Italian said, "Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much!" "A little girl wants to see me very much—where is she?" He hastened to the door, and beckoning with his hand, called out: "Come here, little girl, come here, if you want to see me!" She needed no second invitation, and, after shaking her hand and asking her name, he kindly took her into the house, showed her the "old clock on the stairs," the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut tree, presented to him by the Cambridge children, and the beautiful pictures and souvenirs gathered in the many years of foreign residence. I am sure that child will carry all her life delightful memories of her Christmas call at Mr. Longfellow's.

The Harmless, Useful Toad.

A writer in the London *Journal* gives some interesting statements respecting the toad. In the matter of feeding, he says the toad is not very particular, either as to quality or quantity. Anything that creeps or crawls will do for him—wood lice, beetles, spiders, slugs, worms, even snails with their shells, are put out of sight as if by magic, for he has a peculiar way of taking his prey. He watches the moving insect for a second or two, then suddenly darting out his tongue while at a distance of one or two inches, the insect is snatched up and swallowed instantly. One evening he gave one a wasp and a bumble-bee; both were snapped up directly they commenced to move, apparently without causing the toad the slightest discomfort, though they must have reached his stomach in a tolerably active condition.

In plant-houses, especially forcing-houses, where insects increase their numbers so rapidly at all seasons, the toad's services are especially valuable, and if a suitable ladder, made of a narrow board with bits of lath tacked on it two inches apart, be set in a corner, slanting from the floor to the stage he will climb it, and thus be enabled to make himself still more useful.

But perhaps the most remarkable fact concerning the toad is, that though he can, and does, eat a great deal, he can exist a long time without eating anything. Years ago he buried one for a month in the earth, as an experiment, and when dug up it was apparently as well as ever. More recently, having been bothered with myriads of wood-lice in an early cucumber-house, and not being able to find toads in February, he, later on, when they became plentiful, buried three in a nine-inch pot, with a slate on the top, eighteen inches under ground, that he might have them handy for the next early forcing season. But that season he did not require them, so they remained buried until the following one, and were then, on being taken up, apparently not much the worse for their eighteen months' fast, though they didn't have any ice-water or alcoholic baths.

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Kleptomania.

SOME CURIOUS CASES OF ITS DEVELOPMENT.

Some curious cases of kleptomania are mentioned in *Chambers' Journal*: "A lady was affected with this monomania so strongly that, upon her trial for theft, she stated that she had such a mad longing to possess herself of every thing she saw that if she were at church she could not refrain from stealing from the altar. Dr. Rush, the American physician, informs us that a woman who was exemplary in her obedience to the moral law except the Eighth Commandment, was so addicted to larceny that, when she could take nothing more valuable, she would often at the table of a friend secretly fill her pockets with bread. Lavater also states that a doctor of medicine could not leave his patient's rooms without taking something away unobserved, and his wife searched his pockets and returned to their owners the knives, thimbles, scissors, etc., which her husband abstracted. The wife of another physician had so strong a propensity to steal that on making purchases she endeavored to take something away that did not belong to her, and two German Countesses appear to have been guilty of the same vice. The almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a well educated man, frequently on parade stole the handkerchiefs of the officers; and one unfortunate man was so far under the influence of kleptomania that, being nigh unto death, he actually secreted the snuff-box of his confessor.

As to modern instances of this species of insanity, we knew of a parish clergyman who stole every article he could lay his hands on. If out at dinner, he pocketed scraps of bread, table-napkins, or anything. When lodging at hotels he carried off pieces of soap and the ends of candles from his bedroom. His larcenies became so notorious that he was ultimately brought before the Church Courts and turned out of his living.

Dr. Gall mentions an instance of two citizens of Vienna who on becoming insane, were well known in the hospital for an extraordinary propensity to steal, although they had before lived irreproachable lives. They wandered about from morning to night and picked up whatever they could lay their hands on, which they carefully hid in their rooms. Abnormal conformations of the head accompanied with an imbecile understanding are often the cause of kleptomania. Gall and Spurzheim saw in Bern Prison a boy twelve years old, who is described as 'ill-organized and rickety,' who could never avoid stealing. An Ex-Commissioner of Police at Toulouse was condemned to eight years' imprisonment and hard labor to the pillory for having stolen some plate while in office. He did not deny the crime, but persisted to the last in a singular kind of defence. He attributed the crime to a mental derangement caused by wounds he had received at Marseilles."

Sense and Sentiment.

The world is an old woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust nothing but the common copper.—[Carlyle.

A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.—[Johnson.

The most adroit falsehood is but thin ice, that may break any day. The true art is to know how to hold truth, and how to withhold it; but never to deal with anything else.—[Ouida.

All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but it must invariably be in their own way. What a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy in our own.—[Bulwer.

Discord is an incendiary who sets fire to the house of love over one's very head; but monotony is an underminer, who saps the foundation, and when there is a fall, love is buried forever in the ruins.—[Lola Montez.

A bad king is like a bad season. The next may bring improvement; or, if this rule be wholly intolerable, he can be deposed. Under a bad constitution no such change is possible. It can be ended only by a revolution.—[Froude.

An old belle who endeavors to retain by sharp wit and spicy scandal the place she held only in virtue of youth and spirited beauty, is like an enemy firing at you from the windows of your own house.—[G. W. Curtis.

The British are, under the mask of a cold and reserved demeanor, the most impassioned of all nations; in fact, it requires but little philosophy to see that, always, where the internal heat and power is greatest, there will the outside surface be the coldest.—[De Quincey.

Man being fallen from his natural estate, there is no object so extravagant as not to be capable of attracting his desire. Ever since he lost his real good, everything cheats him with the appearance of it—even his own destruction, though contrary as this seems both to reason and nature.—[Pascal.

Anthropomorphism will never be obliterated from the minds of the unintellectual. Their god, at the best, will never be anything more than the gigantic shadow of a man—a vast phantom of humanity—like one of those Alpine spectres seen in the midst of the clouds by him who turns his back on the sun.—[Draper.

We are so made, almost all of us, that the false seeming which we have thought of with painful shrinking, when beforehand in our solitude it has urged itself on us as a necessity, will possess our muscles and move our lips as if nothing but that were easy when once we have come under the stimulus of expectant eyes and ears.—[George Eliot.

A Novel Egg Farm.

The Farallone Islands are about 30 miles from the mouth of San Francisco Bay, and they are the home of innumerable sea fowls. When San Francisco first began to be a city, its constant cry was for eggs. To supply the lack of eggs, the project of stealing those of the gulls and the muhrs of the Farrallone Islands was undertaken, and it proved successful and has ever since been maintained. The birds are too plenty to count or to estimate, as may be inferred from the fact that the egg gatherers bring often, or used to gather, 500 dozen in a day; and a great many of the nests are inaccessible, a great many others devastated by the rivalry of the birds themselves, and of course, a large part of the birds at any one time are not laying. The egg season is from May to August, and, if even 400 dozen is the rule, the harvest would be pretty near 500,000 eggs. The quarreling between the gulls and the muhrs leads to the loss of a good many muhrs' eggs, which the gulls at every chance destroy. The egg business is conducted by a company, which has the right. It pays egg gatherers five cents a dozen, and sells them in San Francisco at a considerable advance.

What a Volcano Can Do.

Cotapaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1754 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1737, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33 000-000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1793 when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 15,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Ætna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface and measured only 1,000-000,000 cubit feet. On this occasion the mud and scoria formed the Monte Rosini near Nicholosa, a cone of two miles in circumference, and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Ætna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660 Ætna discharged 20 times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, where similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotapaxi has projected a block of 100 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of three hundred miles of surface, and out of a population of 15,000 souls only 20 escaped.

Only a Mechanic.

Only a mechanic! Well, for my part, I hardly know any one I respect more than I do a faithful, skilled mechanic, who puts thought into his handicraft and knows why he does things.

His hands may be hard, and his working clothes rough, but I wonder what we should do without him—you and I! We should sit under a rock, perhaps, cooking our food on a bit of stick over a fire of dead branches without a roof to cover us and certainly destitute of stoves, ranges, and stationary tubs.

Only a mechanic! Look at the great buildings that line our streets, which vast crowds enter without fear; think of the long stretch of sidewalks, the bright gas lamps, the pure, cold water to be had by turning a little faucet!

Think of the carriages we ride in—the railroad cars, the steam engine. Think of almost anything we use, from a fork to a hair-pin, and then turn up your nose at "a mechanic" if you dare. Mechanics, led on by scientific men, have made every improvement we rejoice in. They are not all inventors, but all inventors are mechanics of the better sort—mechanics who have original thoughts.

Mechanics are by no means an ignorant set of men, either. They generally keep pretty well up with the times. They educate their families. They have neat little homes, where you often find pianos and good books. Thanks to the advantages they have here, they are in this country at least, well-spoken and well-mannerd people, with no servility about them, and no necessity for being servile. On holidays they dress as well as anybody else, and are often more comfortable and grow a great deal richer than people who speak so contemptuously of "a mechanic," without really thinking what a mechanic is, or what—if he is a genius—he may be. It would be an uncomfortable world, I assure you, my dear, if mechanism and the mechanics were left out of it. It would be a great deal better to have none of the more dainty sort of folk, for, left to themselves, they could not do much, and would go back to the unpleasant condition of the cave dwellers, who had not a man amongst them.—M. K. D.

Entertaining Friends.

I once overheard a little bit of talk between two school girls, one of whom said: "Well, the Ames family are coming to our house next week, and for my part I dread it. I don't expect to have a mite of enjoyment while they are with us. I cannot entertain people." I have forgotten her companion's reply; but I know that the feeling is common among young people, and when guests arrive they often slip off the responsibillty of making them happy upon papa and mamma. This is hardly fair. The art of hospitality is really as easily acquired as a knowledge of geography or grammar.

In the first place, the young girls in a family when expecting friends of their own age should see that their rooms are pleasantly arranged, the beds freshly made, toilet soap provided, and plenty of towels and water at hand. Not new towels, dear girls; they are hard and slippery, nobody likes them. There should be a comb and brush, a button hook, pins in plenty, and space in the closet to hang dresses and coats, as well as an empty drawer in the bureau at the guest's service. By attending to these little things themselves, girls can take quite a burden from their busy mothers. Then boys and girls should have in mind some sort of plan by which to carry on operations during the days of their friends' stay. So far as possible it is well to lay aside unnecessary work for the time. As for the morning and evening duties which belong to every day's course, attend to them faithfully, but do not let them drag. Never make apologies if you happen to have some occupation which you fear may seem very humble in the eyes of your guest. All home service is honorable.

If you live in the country there will be fishing, nutting, climbing, riding, driving and exploring; all of which you can offer to your friends. Be sure that you have fishing tackle, poles and baskets, harness in order and, in short, everything in readiness for your various expeditions. To most out-of-door excursions a nice luncheon is an agreeable addition, and you need not upset the house nor disturb the cook in order to arrange this, for sandwiches, gingerbread, cookies, crackers and similar simple refreshments, can be obtained in most homes without much difficulty. Every boy, as well as every girl, should know how to make a good cup of coffee by a woodland fire.

In town there are museums, picture galleries and concerts, as well as various shows, to delight guests from a distance. In the season you can take them to the beach or the park. But whether in town or country, do not wear your friends out by too much going about, nor never let them feel that you are taking trouble for them, nor yet that they are neglected. Forget your own convenience, but remember their comfort. Study their tastes and consult their wishes in a quiet way.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Discouraged Housekeeper.

"I think," said a New York lady, "the serenity of the housekeepers I have met since coming to Ohio, is marvelous. They have been burning soft coal these years, yet I do not see but their foreheads are as unfurrowed and their hair as unchanged as the favored women of the anthracite regions. I confess I wouldn't have cared to have any of you peep into my bed-room yesterday morning, and see the forlorn object seated on a hassock, actually crying, 'amid the wreck of matter and the crash' —of tinware. Imagine the scene. There had been a fire in the stove for a week or more, but it had gone out, the wind being contrary and the draught not good. A large quantity of soot had accumulated in the pipe; it is astonishing how a pipe can fill up with soot filaments; I never saw anything like it before. The feet of the stove did not fit very well; paradoxically speaking, they were *infirm*, because they were not in firm. Very gently, I thought, I administered a shaking, which was soon followed by a quaking; first one foot fell out, then another, the stove careened, and, horror of horrors! the tall column of pipe swayed, and "what a fall was there, my countrymen!" The soot poured itself out upon the carpet; but 'twas the last drop in the bucket that drowned my amiability; for, at the fatal moment, there happened to be a tin pail (New York vocabulary) full of water standing on the stove. It collapsed, and its contents meandered across the carpet in devious ways, mingling with the soot, in a blackened tide; and there, over the prostrate stove-pipe, I did not hesitate to declare my utter detestation of bituminous coal. I have faithfully scrubbed with ammonia my drenched carpet, yet the trail of the serpent is over it all. I suppose I shall get used to it; they all do, they say; but I don't feel a bit resigned as yet."

Spoopendyke Bathes Mrs. S.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bounced out of his bathing house and thumped on the door of the one occupied by Mrs. Spoopendyke, "are you ready? We must hurry into the water and get out again, or we won't get through in time for dinner."

Mrs. Spoopendyke emerged, bent almost double and shivering with the cold.

"Isn't it rather chilly?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Spoopendyke, not at all; the air is rather cool, but the water is warm. If you are going with me you want to move along."

As they reached the beach, Mr. Spoopendyke left his wife and boldly strode into the surf. A wave broke over him, filling his eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and then he strode out.

"What are you standing there for, eh?" he demanded. "What do you take yourself for—a big lighthouse? Did ye come down here to take a bath, or are ye waiting for some ship to tie up to you? What is the matter with you anyway?"

"I'm afraid of the waves," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "they're so big."

"Oh! they're too big for you, ain't they," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Wait till I get a man to saw you off a little one. Better get measured for one to suit, hadn't ye? Not the big waves you want, I tell you. Look here!" and Mr. Spoopendyke marched boldly into the sea again. Another wave caught him, and landed him high and dripping on the beach.

"Why didn't ye come when I called ye? What d'ye want to make me walk all the way up here after you for? shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Are you waiting to be punched like a ship? Can't you walk as far as that? What are ye hoisting up the legs of your pants for? They ain't skirts. Now look at me. See how I go in, and you follow me when I beckon to you. Watch me now."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged in and swashed around a few minutes in safety, but the treacherous water was biding its time. Another wave caught him and rolled him over, pumped itself into his stomach, drew him under, whirled him around, and finally deposited him, howling on the sand.

"Got most ready to go in," he jerked out, as he climbed up himself and assumed the perpendicular. "Think I'm going to slam around here all day, like a waterspout, waiting for you? What did you come here for? Find any fun standing out there like a soda-water sign? Why don't you go into the water if you are going to? Come on now."

"I'm afraid," snivcled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I go in I know I will be drowned."

"No, you won't get drowned, either. Do you hold on to me? What did you put on the shirt and trousers for if you want to get drowned? What are you doing around here? Now when I go in again, you come along, or else you go home."

Mr. Spoopendyke plunged into the surf, but as he came up he missed the rope. For a second or two he sprawled around, and then began to yell. Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him for a moment, and then her fears for him overcame her fears for herself, and with a yell she dashed in, and hauled him in by the hair.

"Good gast the water!" choked Mr. Spoopendyke; "I'm full of the measly stuff. So you got in didn't ye? Let go of my hair, will ye? Let go, I tell ye! What d'ye think you are anyway—a steamboat's shop? Going to let hold of that hair sometime?"

But, frightened out of all reason, Mrs. Spoopendyke clung still, and hauled Mr. Spoopendyke to his bathing-house.

"Oh if I hadn't saved you!" she sobbed.

"Oh, yes, you saved me, didn't you?" sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "All you want is four air-tight compartments and two sets of thole-pins to be a patent life-raft Are you going to let go of that hair?"

And as she released him they went to their separate apartments.

About Oaths.

It is not the many oaths that make the truth, but the plain single vow that is vowed true.—[Shakespeare.

Oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes, and holdfast is the only dog.—[Shakespeare.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows: they are polluted offerings, more abhorred than spotted livers in the sacrifice.—[Shakespeare.

For it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.—[Shakespeare.

Of all men a philosopher should be no swearer, for an oath, which is the end of controversies in law, cannot determine any here, where reason only must induce.—[Sir Thos. Browne.

Whoever considers the number of absurd and ridiculous oaths necessary to be taken at present in most countries, on being admitted into any society or profession whatever will be less surprised to find prevarication still prevailing where perjury has led the way.—[Abbe Raynal.

Rubber Balls.

The process of making hollow rubber balls used by children as playthings is quite curious, and may be interesting to those not familiar with it. A Holyoke writer thus describes it:

These balls have a solid surface, and are made by a different process from that of making the soft rubber balls (which are perforated by a hollowing) and of course, are much more firm, durable and elastic. The sheets of rubber prepared for balls are cut into strips of double convex shape. The edges of the strips are moistened with a preparation of rubber and naptha, by which they are joined firmly together, three of the strips being used for one ball.

This part of the work is done by girls, and a skillful girl can earn about $1.50 per day. When the strips are joined together the ball is very near the shape of a Brazil nut. Before the last opening is closed a quantity of carbonate of ammonia is put inside, which, when subjected to strong heat, will make the rubber expand and fill out the ball mold. The opening is then closed with the adhesive mixture, and it is placed in an iron mold of the size and shape of the ball desired. The molds are packed into frames, in which they are subjected to the heat of a vulcanizer.

They are kept in place in the frame by iron rods along the side, and when the frame is full iron plates at the end are screwed down tightly upon the molds to hold them in place. These iron plates are about three-fourths of an inch thick, and so strong is the expansive force of the rubber in the molds that they bend this thick iron rod into a curve. If one of the molds should work out of place while vulcanizing is in process, the molds would fly out with a noise like the report of a dozen pistols, and the work is spoiled. The action of the heat does the rest. When the molds are opened they contain the perfect round balls, with no mark of the places where the pieces were placed. The slight ridge made by the mold is ground off by a stone, and the ball is done.

A Crucial Test.

Woman is by nature so erratic and inconsistent a creature that it doesn't do to bet on even her most marked characteristics. For illustration: The other day old Mr. Pungleup, of Nob Hill, was commenting on the railroad velocity with which young ladies jabber to each other when they meet, without either in the least understanding or replying to what the other says.

"It's just a mean falsehood gotten up by you good-for-nothing men!" said the youngest Pungleup girl, indignantly.

"All right," said her father, benignantly "we'll try an experiment. I see your friend Miss Gluckerson, coming up the street. Now, I'll wager that new walking suit you want so much, that you can say 'Roast turkey and cranberry-sauce' in response to the half-dozen remarks she makes without her noticing the fact."

"I never heard anything so perfectly absurd," replied Miss P——; "however, I might as well have that suit—it's just too lovely for anything—so I'll just do it to teach you a lesson."

"Mind now," said her father, as the front door-bell rang, "fair play. You musn't change your expression in the least, and you must repeat the sentence in your usual voice and manner—that is to say, in a single breath—all run together as it were."

Just then Miss Gluckerson was shown into the parlor, and through the library door old Mr. P—— heard Miss G—— exclaim, without even the smallest comma in the whole remark:

"O! you lazy thing been here a perfect age don't look at this hat perfect fright going to have flowers set back and bow changed why weren't you at the matinee Harry was there."

"Roast turkey and cranberry sauce," rapidly inserted Miss P——, accompanying the words with that peculiar preliminary and concluding gurgle with which all women, for some occult reason, invariably adorn their conversation when desirous of being agreeable.

"Going to Mrs. Bladger's party?" continued Miss Gluckerson, with the serene rattle of a brook over the pebbles. "Molly Smith is going they tell me she paints pa's promised me a phæton in the spring saw that hateful Mrs. Grupery on the street buff over-skirt and green ruching just fancy"

"Roast turkey and cranberry—"

"O, George Skidmore's mother's dead Ouch! got a flea in my sleeve little beast just eating me up alive bury her next Sunday did you get that edging at Gimps'?"

"Roast turkey and cran—"

"The girls at Clark's are going to graduate next Thursday Jennie Giggles is going to be square cut with inside illusion and white kid boots can't you come around for dinner to-morrow and stay all—"

"Roast turkey and—"

"Night, and show Milly your new basque? That man with a light overcoat stared at me yesterday Jim O'Neill is going East this candy is frightfully stale."

"Roast turkey—"

"Ma thinks Mrs. Brown ain't proper those ferns are just too lovely look at these cuffs clean this morning are my crimps coming out yours ain't Lillie Skippen says you met Charlie Boggs the other night and said something nice about me tell me quick!"

"Roast turk—"

"Why, how perfectly absurd you are, Linda," interrupted the visitor, angrily. "You don't listen to a word I say; I was asking about Charles Boggs, not roast turkey. George Shelley thinks you're awful nice. Now tell me what he did say. Good gracious! what are you hugging me for?"

"And, Tilda," thoughtfully remarked Miss Pungleup, after the matter had been explained, and her father admitted that he had lost by a scratch, "I believe in my heart that if you hadn't thought about Charlie just then I shouldn't have had any new suit this winter."

All of which goes to show that there is at least one subject upon which one may hope to secure the temporary attention of the inscrutable female mind.—*San Francisco Post.*

How He Caught Him.—Dana Krum, one of the conductors on the Erie Railroad, was approached before train time by an unknown man, who spoke to him as if he had known him for years. "I say, Dana," said he, "I have forgotten my pass, and I want to go to Susquehanna; I am a fireman on the road, you know?" But the conductor told him he ought to have a pass with him. It was the safest way. Pretty soon Dana came along to collect tickets. Seeing a man, he spoke when he reached him. "Say, my friend, have you the time with you?"

"Yes," said he, as he pulled out a watch, "it is wenty minutes past nine."

"Oh, it is, is it? Now, if you don't show me your pass, or fare, I will stop the train. There is no railroad man that I ever saw who would say 'twenty minutes past nine.' He would say, 'nine twenty.'"

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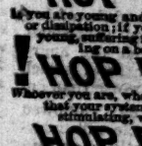

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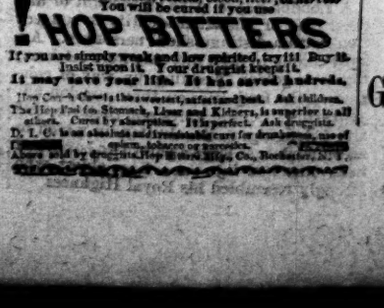

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